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From the Boston Herald.

THE LOAFER TO HIS LOVE.

My sweet, my merry lovely dame,
I cannot vol consal
The love yich in my bosom burns,
And vich my looks reveal.
I valks the city up and doun
And loaf, and sigh, and drink,
But still thy image fills my sole.
In every thought I think.
With hands stuck in my holy pants,
With eyes vich wed the ground,
I valk along unquietly,
Unvoin where I'm bound.
My tendere, bleeding hart is thine,
Hear in the flour of youth,
I pledge myself to thee alone,
And swear I speaks the truth.
O cum my dore to thy fond swaine,
The queen of loafers be;
If I don't love thee broke my neck,
Or pitch me in the sea.
Thou shalt have nothing hard to do,
No work shall trouble thee,
But free from care, from cash, from pain!
How happy you will be;
I've got a pretty little house,
With vich I vult little room,
The Vorkus is my grand hotel,
And there thy charms shall bloom.
How nice our time vich glide along,
I'll love thee till I die;
I'll steel for thee all food yod's good,
From nuttin hed to pye.
Then my dearest, marry me,
You can't no better do;
No loofer is the best of I,
No woman's fairer you.

THE MAGIC PHIAL;

Or, an Evening at Delft.

'Now,' said the portly Peter Van Voorst, as he buttoned up his money in the pocket of his capacious breeches, 'Now I go home to my farm, and to-morrow I'll buy neighbor Jan Hagen's two cows, which are the best in Holland.'
He crossed the market place of Delft, as he spoke with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets, which led out of the city, when a gently tavern met his eye. Thinking a drink would be beneficial in counteracting the effects of a fog, which was just rising, he entered and called for a glass of Schiedam. This was brought, and drank by Peter, who, like the flavor so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasant spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room, beside himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire place apparently half asleep. Now Peter was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

'A dull evening, Myneer,' said the farmer. 'Yaw,' replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly; 'very foggy I take it,'—and he rose and looked into the street.
Peter perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers, represented in a picture which hung in Peter's parlor at Voorhoock. The stranger was just of a spare figure and his countenance was, as before stated, pale; but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Peter, and sat down.

'Are you a burgher of Delft?' he enquired. 'No,' was the reply, 'I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorhoock.'

'Humph!' said the stranger, 'You have a dull road in travel—See, your glass is out. How like you mine hat's Schiedam?'

'Tis right excellent.'
'You say truly,' rejoined the stranger, 'with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; but here is a liquor which no Burgomaster in Holland can procure. 'Tis fit for a prince.'

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and mixing a small quantity of the li-

quid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Peter's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. Its effect was soon visible; he pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

'You are perfectly right,' said his companion; 'these fogs are usually heavy; they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them.—How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left.'

'You have travelled, then?' said Peter, enquiringly.

'Travelled; ay, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars.'

'But does it please you always to travel in this garb, Myneer?'

'Even so,' replied the stranger, 'it has descended from father to son; more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?'

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, which continued—

'Ah, the bullet thro' it lodged in the heart of my great grandsire at the sack of Saphien.'

'I have heard of the bloody doings at that place from my grandfather, heaven rest his soul!'

Peter was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played o'er the countenance of the stranger, on his hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word 'Duyvel!' but was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulders, and cried—'Come, come, Myneer, you look said; does not my liquor set well on your stomach?'

'Tis excellent!' replied Peter, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion; 'will you sell me your phial?'

'I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead,' replied the stranger; 'he strictly enjoined me never to sell it; for, d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than at the wish of the possessor it is immediately refilled—but, harkye, as you seem a man of spirit, it shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it.' He took from his bosom a bale of dice—I will stake it against a guilder.'

'Good,' said Peter, 'but I fear there is some devilry in the phial.'

'Pshaw!' cried his companion, with a bitter smile, 'those that have travelled understand things better. Devilry, forsooth!'

'Crave your pardon,' said Peter, 'I will throw for it,' and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guilder; but he lost that also. Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvass bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses,) or to lose all. He threw again with better luck, but elated at this, he played with less caution, and in a few minutes was left penniless. The stranger gathered up the money and placed it in his pocket.

'You are unlucky to-night Myneer,' said he with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger, will you not venture that against my phial?'

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the Van Tromp, and little Rip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser at any game, for he was reckoned the best hand at nine pins in his village; he therefore took the ring from his finger, threw again and lost it!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with the ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance indicative of any thing but good will, while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

You grieve, said he, for the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know that I have the power to make you amends for your ill luck—to make you rich—aye, richer than Stadtholder!

'Ha, the fiend!' thought Peter, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them as usual terminate with a cloven foot; but he beheld no unearthly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, even more.

'Here,' said his companion, 'read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at foot.' The farmer took the parchment, which he perceived was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the few first lines, but they sufficed.

'I now I know thee, fiend!' screamed the affrighted Peter, as he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which

he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned quickly thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed to be no other than the foul fiend himself; when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red hot coals, a deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer as he staggered back several paces.

'Avant! avant!' he cried, 'Satan, I defy thee! I have not signed thy cursed parchment! He turned and fled in an opposite direction; but the fiend exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored along side. Still his pursuer followed, and Peter felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony, 'Oh, Myneer Duyvel! have pity for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel! But when was the devil ever known to pity? The stranger held him tightly, and spite of his struggles, dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, whilst his hot breath almost scorched him; but disengaging himself with a sudden bound, he sprang from his enemy, and pitched headlong from his elbow chair on the floor of his own room at Voorhoock.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander, aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until overpowered by the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavored to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his Vrow from her slumbers.—Trembling in every limb on hearing the unearthly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help, into the room where she had left her spouse. When she had retired to rest, and beheld Peter, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the clear overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream, from the stone bottle, which lay upset on the ground.

PUNCTUALITY.

'LIST, WHILE I READ THEE A LESSON.'
Uncle Bill, as they used to call him, who lived in Woodend, was a plain matter of fact old coger, who was always endeavoring to do about right in all dealings with his neighbors. But one very estimable virtue he possessed in a rare degree, viz: punctuality in the fulfilment of engagements. If he promised you a 'jag' of wood at such a hour, the clock would be striking while he was unloading; if he agreed to do a thing thus and thus it was done thus and thus, and that it was done thus and thus, was sufficient proof to all the neighbors round that he had agreed to do thus and thus, such a weight of character had he attained. No fearful forebodings ever influenced him to break, or postpone an engagement. Always punctual himself, he admired punctuality in those with whom he had to do; and when he dealt with any one not like unto himself in this particular, (and it is a thousand pities there are so many of that stamp among us,) they were pretty sure to get a joke in the matter; but let us cite an instance to the point.

Uncle Bill once employed one of the down-town tailors to manufacture a suit of grey. 'Now,' said he, while he was being measured, 'I want them on Thursday evening—will you promise to have them done?' 'Yes, Sir,' unhesitatingly replied the knight of the shears—whether with any mental reservation or not we cannot say, but the truth was not in him if everything was expressed, for Uncle Bill called that evening, and there was so much finishing to do that he could not have them till the succeeding afternoon. This was a sore disappointment—nevertheless, after giving the tailor a concise lesson on punctuality in the fulfilment of promises, forcibly depicting in his plain style, the advantages a tradesman whose word can always be depended upon possesses over those promising ones with whom the fulfilment is matter of secondary considerations, he departed.

On Friday afternoon, as Uncle Bill's son, Bob came round from the mill, he called at the tailor's for his daddy's new clothes, but there was yet considerable finishing to be done to them, and he was requested to ask his father to have patience till the next morning. When this was reported to the old man, his wrath kindled, and he vociferated, with considerable warmth—'Plague take the tailor!'

He immediately slipped on his great coat, proceeded straightway to the apple barrel, and filled its capacious pockets with the contents thereof. Going out, he called the boys just dismissed from school, he called one to him, and giving him an apple or two sent him off in great haste for the tailor's shop which by the nearest route was at least a mile and a half distant, to request the tailor to come up to his house at six o'clock—charging the boy to say nothing about his errand to any one, and promising him more apples if he would return within such a time. This he then called another boy and set him off on the same errand under the same restrictions and with the same promises; then another and a-

nother still, till he had at least twenty expresses, each a few rods apart. Now as the tailor sat on his bench, with his legs skimbo humming a good old song of

'Hurrah for the cabbage, hurrah!'

in came the first boy with his 'Uncle Bill N— wants to know if you'll come up to his house at six o'clock,'—barely waiting to get the words out, ere he set off on his return, as the least delay might nullify his title to any more apples.

But he had scarcely left the door step, when in came another boy with the same request; then another and another. In vain the man of fashions endeavored to make them tarry a pace to give him some explanation; no, Uncle Bill had told them to deliver their message, and be off. By the time the sixth had made his appearance the tailor dropped his work in the utmost consternation; and when he had counted ten, he believing himself beset with a legion of— we did not say what—but it was a gloomy afternoon, and he was somewhat superstitious, withal.

As the door opened the fifteenth time, his hair rose on end and his bare arm was complete goose-flesh. 'Gracious father!' he exclaimed almost beside himself,—and set off upon the run bare headed and bare backed, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, for Uncle Bill's. Before he had got half way, it began to rain heavily, but he did not heed this though he soon had not a dry thread about him. He rushed into the house with all the fury of a maniac, and fell flat upon the floor; he jumped up again frothing at the mouth, exclaiming with extraordinary emphasis—'Heavens and earth! Uncle Bill, what do you want with me?'

'O,' said Uncle Bill, calmly, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, 'I only wanted to inquire when you thought it would be likely that you could make it convenient to finish my clothes?'

Lynn Mess.

COMMODORE PREBLE.

In Cooper's Naval History of the United States is the following anecdote of Commodore Preble, illustrative of some points in the character of that distinguished Naval officer:

'Commodore Preble was a man of high temper, and a rigid disciplinarian. At first he was disliked in his own ship—the younger officers in particular, feeling the effects of his discipline, without having yet learned to respect the high professional qualities for which he afterward became so distinguished. One night when the Constitution was in the Straits of Gibraltar, he suddenly found himself along side of a large ship. Some halloo passed without either party's giving any answer. Commodore Preble, who had taken the trumpet himself now told the name and country of his ship, and his own rank. He then demanded the name of the stranger, adding that he would fire a shot unless answered. 'If you fire a shot I'll return a broadside,' was the reply. Preble sprang into his mizzen rigging, applied the trumpet and said, 'this is the United States ship Constitution, a 44, Commodore Preble, I am about to hail you for the last time, if not answered, I shall fire into you. What ship is that?'

'This is His Britannic Majesty's ship Donegal, a razee of 60 guns.' Preble told the stranger he doubted his statement, and should lie by him till morning in order to ascertain his real character. He was as good as his word, and in a short time a boat came from the other vessel to explain. It was an English frigate, and the Constitution had got so suddenly and unexpectedly alongside of her, that the hesitation about answering and the fictitious name had proceeded from a desire to gain time in order to clear the decks and get to quarters.

'The spirit of Commodore Preble on this occasion,' says Cooper, produced a very favorable impression in his own ship. The young men pitifully remarked, that if he was wrong in his temper he was right in his heart.'

A GOOD BITE.—A truckman, who has been in the habit of cruelly treating the noble steeds under his charge, was observed on Thursday, in Congress street to be at his old tricks, and shamefully striking one of the horses about the head & ears with the butt end of his whip. The offending animal, goaded beyond endurance, seized the man by the arm, and there held him until he sang out—not 'gee up and gee ho'—but in a real bedlamite scream. After being liberated, he lapsed and having recovered, started for an adjacent grocery, but as we are informed, found no comfort there.

The spectators offered no commiseration, thinking that he was deservedly punished, but expressed hopes that he would be more kind to his horses in future.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Mataprop. One of our fashionable ladies is going to have a new house built soon on one of the best sites in the city. Every thing about it is to be 'Sublimed' and 'Splendidous.' There is to be a 'Portico' in front, a 'Piazzer' in the rear, and a 'Lemonade' all around it.—The water is to come in at the side of the house in an anecdote. The lawn in front is to be 'degraded' and some large forest trees 'supplanted' into the 'Erie' in rear. This is the same fly who told Gov. Clinton how remarkably and stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the 'Penobscot.'—Buffalonian.

A HORSE CHANTER.—A loafer being brought up before one of the London Courts, the Judge demanded,

'What is your trade?'

'A horse chanter, my lord.'

'A what? a horse chanter, why, what's that?'

'Vy my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?'

'I require you to explain yourself.'

'Vel, my lord,' said he, 'I goes round among the livery stables, they all on 'em knows me, and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, an' ses I vel, that's a rare 'ug, I'll be bound, ses I, he's got the beautifullest 'ead and neck as I ever sees, ses I, only look at iz open nostrils, he's got vich like a no-go-motive. I'll be bound he'll travel a hundred miles a day and never vunce think on't, then's the kind of legs vat never fails. Vel, this tickles the gen'man, and ses to 'imself, that 'ere honest countryman's a rare judge of 'orses, so please you my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. Vel, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, vel vat are you going to stand for that 'ere chant, and he gives me half a sovereign; vel, that's vat I call 'orse chanting, my lord, there's rare little 'arm in't—there's a good many sons on us, some chantis canals, and some chantis rail roads.'

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—John Canepole was a small man, a pocket edition of humanity.—He had a black servant who was a stout fellow; and being a privileged joker, Sambo let on occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcass. John was taken sick and Sambo went for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the doctor pronounced his patient in no danger.—Reassured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery. 'I tell you Dr. Massa Canepole will die, cause he got a fever!'

'A fever, you black dog,' said the patient, 'does the fever always kill a fellow?'

'Yes, massa, when a fever get into such a little man it neber had room to turn in him and if de fever no turn you die sartin.'

L. Compend.

JUVENILE CALCULATION.—A young 'on said to his fond father—'Pa, you must give me a quarter of a dollar to-day.' 'Why, I never gave you more than ninepence on other holidays,' was Pa's cool answer. 'Yes, Pa, I know that, (said the lad,) but provisions is rise since last year, and a quarter dont go no further than a ninepence used to.'

The death of a printer is thus chronicled in an English paper: 'George Woodstock, the * of his profession the type of honesty, the I of all; and, although the * of death has put a . to his existence, every \$ of his life was without a ||.'

'Dick, you have got a whole in your trousers.' 'Well, who cares? it will wear longer than a patch.' 'Yes,' (says Sam,) and wider too.'

GRACE.—The Picayne tells a story of a man who closed his eyes over his dinner, and slowly but calmly ejaculated 'Let us dive in.' This might be or not—but when the pressure season was on, one of the principal merchants in this city is said to have astonished his wife and guests by delivering himself in this manner and form following: 'Kind parent of the Universe, we implore thy blessing upon the food now prepared for us, and shall look unto thee for the payment thereof.' 'Mr. B. what do you mean?' asked the lady. 'If you had taken ten protest, from the Post Office to day, you would under stand,' replied the husband.—N. Y. Dispatch.

WHO IS EMBARRASSED?—A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent expressed great concern for his embarrassment. 'You are mistaken, my dear sir,' was the reply 'it is not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed.'

A shoemaker in one of the western cities thus announce his calling: 'Surgery performed here upon old boot and shoes, by adding to the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with soles.'

Dough heads.—A society has been got up in London to abolish baking bread on Sunday.

'My dancing days are over,' as the duck said vot was trying to take steps on the ice.

'Not to be sneezed at,' as the loafer said ven he took a pinch of black pepper, instead of snuff.

'I'll stand to your back,' as the pickpocket said ven he stole the man's pocket-book.

'You raise my dander,' as the goose said ven the boy pulled him through the hole by the tail.

'In the land of civilization,' as the friske man said ven he saw the scaffold erected.

'It's not every vagabond that snuffs up his nose at me,' as the polecat said ven he caught the nigger in the woods.

'You'll blow me,' as the mutton said to the fly ven he wanted to stay all night with him.

'Too much of a good thing,' as the pismire said ven he fell into a hoghead of molasses.

From the Boston Post.
SEIZURE OF AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

On learning, a short time since, that very many of our fishing vessels had been seized by the British authorities in Nova Scotia, during the present season, the Secretary of the Treasury permitted the Collector of this port to despatch the United States Revenue Cutter Hamilton on a cruise to Yarmouth and its vicinity, to inquire into the causes of such seizures, and to report the names of the vessels and their masters, thus detained by our provincial neighbors. Capt. Sturgis, accompanied by Col. Barnes, the Naval Officer of this port, immediately proceeded to Yarmouth, N. S., in the Hamilton, and thence up the Bay Fundy to Brier Island and near to Digby. The Hamilton also crossed over to Mount Desert, in Maine, where she landed two American fishermen taken on board at Yarmouth. Capt. Sturgis has been absent but nine days on this cruise, having sailed eight hundred miles, and encountered much heavy weather. The citizens of Yarmouth returned the salute of the Hamilton, and treated the officers with much courtesy and kindness. It was the general opinion of the people in Yarmouth, that many of the seizures of American fishing vessels had been made without sufficient cause, and that the Court of Vice Admiralty at Halifax, would release a majority of those now under seizure.

Col. Barnes and Capt. Sturgis speak in the highest terms of praise of the exertions of our Consular agent at Yarmouth, H. A. Grantham, Esq., in behalf of the fishermen who, by the seizure of their vessels and provisions, have been left among strangers entirely destitute. We are permitted to publish the statement of Mr. Grantham, which will furnish the facts in relation to the seizure of four of the vessels. There have been many other vessels seized at the Gut of Canso, but Capt. Sturgis could not learn their names, nor the names of the masters.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
Yarmouth, N. S. 18th June, 1839.
To Josiah Sturgis, Esq., Commander of the American Revenue Cutter Hamilton:

Sir—At your request, I enclose to you an abridged statement of the depositions of the masters and crews of the four American fishing schooners, lately seized by the commander of the British Government vessel "Victory," and now lying detained in this port, together with a succinct account of my proceedings, upon the application to me for assistance by the masters of these vessels.

Upon the 27th day of May last, application was made to me, as the Consular agent of the United States at this port, by William Burgess, master of the American fishing schooner "Independence," for advice and assistance, under the following circumstances: On Sunday, the 26th day of May last, while lying at anchor in the Tusket Islands, near the coast of this province, the said schooner was boarded, and, with her cargo and papers, seized and taken possession of by the commander and part of the crew of the British Government vessel "Victory," for an alleged infraction, by the crew of the "Independence," of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and the laws of this Province, for the protection of the British fisheries. The schooner was brought into this port, stripped of her sails, and part of the rigging, and the master and crew obliged to leave her. Representatives of the master, William Burgess, and of the crew, Benjamin Sylvester, Samuel C. Mills, Ezekiel Burgess, and Samuel B. Regess, all of Vinalhaven, in the State of Maine, were taken to the above facts, and also to those which follow. They deposed, that the schooner Independence, of the burthen of 31 tons, or thereabouts, and belonging to Vinalhaven, was fitted out and cleared from that port, on a fishing voyage into the Bay of Fundy, on the 10th day of April last, and that they continued to fish in the Bay, never at any time at a less distance from the coast of Nova Scotia than 15 miles, until about the last of April, of the present year, when, being in want of water, and it blowing very heavy, they stood in for the coast, and anchored in the Tusket Islands, where they remained about twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time, they again put to sea, and remained upon the fishing ground until the 25th day of May last, when the compass having been accidentally broken, and there being no other on board, they again stood in for the coast, intending to make the port of Yarmouth, for the purpose of having the compass repaired, and of procuring a supply of water; but the wind being adverse, and very violent, and the weather thick and hazy, they were unable to make that port, and were obliged to take shelter in the Tusket Islands of the night at which place they were seized the next day, as before mentioned. The master and crew of this vessel deposed, next solemnly, that no fish of any kind or description had been taken or caught by them during the present season, or since their departure from port, either in the Tusket Islands, or at any distance nearer to the coast of Nova Scotia, or of any of the British possessions in America, than 15 miles; and that at no one time did they remain at anchor in the said islands, or in any port on the coast, for a longer space than twenty-four hours. They, however, admitted that, at the earnest solicitation of an inhabitant of the Tusket Islands, whose name was to them unknown, they did, for one night, lend their nets to him, and that they received from him, on the following morning, a few herrings. This occurred but once, and for one night only, they never having remained in the islands for two consecutive nights.

The master of the American fishing schooner "Magnolia" seized at the same time and

place, deposed in substance to the same effect as the foregoing, except that they had not lent or parted with their nets. They deny most positively having fished or attempted to take, or catch fish, within 15 miles of the coast of this Province during the present season. The Magnolia is of the burthen of 37 tons or thereabouts, belongs to Vinalhaven, and was fitted out and cleared from that port on a fishing voyage into the Bay of Fundy; she sailed from that port on the 26th day of April last, and was twice into the Tusket Islands for shelter, and for wood and water, during the present season. The master's name is George Poole. The names of the seamen are Win S. Combs, David Lane and Samuel Clarke, all residing at or near Vinalhaven in the State of Maine.

The master of the schooner, "Java," acknowledged that he and his crew had taken fish in the islands and was aware that the fact of his having done so, could be proved against him. We therefore decline to make any effort for relief. The "Java" was fitted for a fishing voyage into the Bay of Fundy, and belonged to Vinalhaven, and she was seized at the same time and place as were the other two vessels before mentioned. Isaac Burgess was master; the crew were George McFarland, Charles J. Perkins and Thomas McFarland, all residing at or near Vinalhaven.

A few days subsequently, on the thirty first day of May last, another application was made to me by James Turner, the master of the American fishing boat "Hart," of Deer Island, in the State of Maine, who deposed that the boat was fitted out on a fishing voyage into the Bay of Fundy about the last of April of the present year, that it had frequently been into the Tusket Islands to seek shelter and to obtain wood and water, and once only they anchored in this port, having come hither, for the purpose of hiring an additional hand, they continued to fish until the 30th of May last, when lying at anchor in the Tusket Islands, the vessel, cargo and papers, were seized and taken possession of, by the commander, of the "Victory," who brought the vessel and cargo into this port, and obliged the master and crew to leave her.

They state most positively that they have not since their departure from the port of Vinalhaven, taken or caught fish of any kind or description within 15 miles of the coast of Nova Scotia or of any of the other British coast, nor did they at any one time remain in or among the said islands for a longer space of time than 24 hours. They state, however, that the master, and Hiram Rich one of the crew did receive from Benjamin Brown the master of a British fishing vessel at anchor in said island about two barrels of herrings given to them by Brown to recompense them for their services in assisting him for one night at his request, in clearing his nets of herrings, and curing his fish. This took place during one night that they came into the island for wood and water. This statement is corroborated on oath by Hiram Rich and Albert Douglas, two of the crew of this boat, and by Powers, a resident of this place, the additional hand above mentioned who deposed to the truth of the statement of the master and crew subsequent to the time of his engagement with them, before which time they had not proceeded to fish at all.

Benjamin Brown, a resident of Yarmouth, and a person of much respectability, deposes, that he first saw this vessel, the "Hart," in the Tusket Islands, on the first of May last, she having then but just arrived, as he believes, from Deer Island, and not having been in the island before during the present season. He further states, that afterwards, this boat frequently came into the islands at times when the state of the weather was such that the safety of the vessel and crew would have been endangered at sea, and at other times, as he believed, for wood and water, having frequently observed them proceed to the shore and bring therefrom a supply of those necessities. He was, to the best of his belief, aware of the boat's arrival, whenever she came into the islands, her place of anchorage being close to his vessel, and he says that the boat never remained in the said islands at one time for a longer space than 24 hours. He usually witnessed the boat get under weigh, and she always stood directly out to sea. He had frequent opportunities of observing the conduct of the master and crew of this boat, and he verily believes that no fish of any kind were taken by them, in or near the said islands, subsequent to the 1st of May, the date of his arrival there, nor does he believe that they came there for the purpose of fishing or of setting nets, and that had they done so, he must have been aware of it, as the boat always anchored close to his vessel. He further stated, that, at his request, the master of the boat and one of the crew named Rich, assisted him for one night in clearing his nets of herrings and in sorting his fish, for which service he gave them two and a half barrels of herrings, and that he had seen the nets seized on board the boat, and that the meshes were too small to admit of the taking by them of any description of herring that had been upon the coast during the present season.

These depositions I enclosed to John Morrow, Esquire, United States Consul at Halifax, for the purpose of using them to assist him in his endeavors to effect the release of the Magnolia, Java, and Hart, on the plea of their having been seized and detained on insufficient grounds.

The master of these three last named vessels, by my advice, proceeded to Halifax, where they now are, awaiting the decision of the government officers there, whether they will be obliged to contest the legality of the seizures in the Court of Vice Admiralty at that place. I have received no information from thence, that can be depended upon, as to the probable issue

of the exertions already made, and now making in behalf of the owners and others interested in these vessels.

The affidavits which have been made to substantiate the legality of these seizures are first, that of John McConnell, of this place, who deposes that he did see the crew of the "Java," between the 11th and 27th days of May last, in the Tusket Islands, put their nets into the boat belonging to that vessel, and on the following morning he saw them return with a quantity of fish, which was repeated four or five times during the above mentioned period, and that the skipper of the "Java" acknowledged to him that he had taken fish within the prohibited limits for bait. He further states, that on Sunday, the 26th of May last, he saw on the deck of the "Java," then lying in the Tusket Islands, a quantity of gurry which the crew said was from about three quintals of fish, caught the day before, and that he the master and crew threw the same overboard, being then about two miles from Tobique Point, in Yarmouth. 2d—The same person, John McConnell, further deposed, that he saw the "Magnolia," about two weeks previously when at anchor in the islands, send two boats away in the evening with nets, and return again the next morning with fish, which also again took place for several successive days. He further stated, that the crew of the "Magnolia" did about the same time acknowledge that they were then taking fish among the Tusket Islands, and had before been doing the same.

3d—David McConnell, of Yarmouth, made oath that the skipper of the American schooner "Independence," acknowledged to him on the 26th day of May, that he had hired nets belonging to that schooner to the skipper of an English fishing vessel to be set by him on shares. 4th—Jonathan Baker, of Yarmouth, deposed that between the 11th and 18th day of May last he saw the crew of the American schooner "Java," then at anchor in the Tusket Islands, put the nets of the schooner, into the boats in the evenings of four different days, leave the vessel, and return in the mornings with the nets and a quantity of herring.

5th—Joseph Darby, commander of the schooner Victory, deposed that he did see from on board the said schooner Victory, then lying in the Tusket Islands, the crew of the American fishing boat "Hart," clearing fish on board of that vessel, and that the master of the "Hart" acknowledged to him that he did about a week previously procure from Benjamin Brown, two barrels of fresh herrings for bait.

The crew of the "Magnolia" positively deny the truth of the depositions made against them, and they say that their vessel must have been mistaken for some other. The crew of the "Independence," also deny having hired their nets, and it is probable that the acknowledgments made by the masters, has been misunderstood by the person to whom it was made, the real admission having been the lending the nets for one night to an inhabitant of the Tusket Islands, as is mentioned in the depositions of the master and crew of the "Independence." I need not remark upon the insufficiency of the evidence upon which the seizures of the "Independence" and "Hart" have been made. It consists entirely of verbal acknowledgments, which, may and usually are misunderstood or misconstrued, and can seldom be correctly repeated; and, indeed, taking for granted that the admissions sworn to, have been made by the masters of these vessels, I cannot understand that they amount to evidence to authorize a seizure.

I may observe that these vessels have all been fitted out on shares—that is, each man on board, in lieu of wages, receives a share of fish at the termination of the voyage. This circumstance may be of importance, as it probably may affect their evidence in the Court of Vice Admiralty.

I have at present, at this Consulate, two despatches from American seamen of the boat "Hart," James Rich and Albert Douglas, who, if not contrary to your instructions, I have to request that you will receive on board the Cutter Hamilton, and land them at some convenient port in the United States.

The crews of the "Java," "Magnolia," and "Independence," were put by me on board of a British schooner, the master of which landed them at Castine, in the State of Maine. They were in a perfectly destitute condition, the provisions and stores of the vessels having been seized. I had therefore to provide for them while they remained in this place, and to find them a passage to the United States.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
HENRY A. GRANTHAM,
Consular Agent United States for the Port of Yarmouth, (N. S.)

BOUNDARY NEGOTIATIONS.

In allusion to the recent conference, had in this city, by Gov. Fairfield, Gov. Kent, Hon. R. Williams, and C. S. Davis, Esq., with Hon. John Forsyth, the Augusta Age makes the following statement:

It seems that the British government in conformity with its promise already made public, has made a proposition to our government for the establishment of a joint commission of exploration and survey. This proposition our government was about to meet by a counter project. Before making any counter proposition however, the President, desirous of ascertaining the views and wishes of Maine, and to divest the subject of all party character, concluded to invite the gentleman above named, being two from each political party, to meet Mr. Forsyth in Maine and confer with him upon the subject. At this meeting it is understood there was a perfect harmony of views and an

apparent desire manifested to look with a single eye to the best good of the State, overlooking all party considerations. The particular results of this conference however, have not been communicated to us, it not being deemed proper, in the present state of the negotiation between the two governments, to make them public.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 2, 1839.

Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Per order of the County Committee.
Paris, July 1, 1839.

¶ We publish to-day a notice for a County Convention to be held at the Court House in this town the fourteenth day of August next. We trust the democracy will nobly respond to the call and give an earnest of every attempt to enter the ensuing campaign with the right spirit, by a proper and immediate organization throughout the County. We have an active and not over-scrupulous foe to contend with, already in the field, working in a silent, sly and underhand manner. Every democrat should do something, should expose one of the many expedients that will be resorted to for the overthrow of the present State administration. The federalists will not, probably, boast as they usually do, of their prospects of defeating the democracy, but on the contrary will endeavor to give the impression that they intend to do little if anything—that they intend to be mere passive lookers on. But be not deceived by their soft snail. We believe the federal party never was better organized, throughout the length and breadth of this State, than at the present moment. Their party machinery has been put in complete order by experienced managers, by men who have profited by experience, and they will only have to pull the wires to bring the whole army of federal puppets on to the board. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the democracy be on their guard, that they be up and doing and girding on their armor for the contest.

That the democracy have a handsome majority of the voters in this State, there is not a doubt, and that they can put the federal forces to flight any time when they take the field, is equally as certain. The only danger lies in our apathy, lukewarmness and false security. If we neglect our duty and absent ourselves from the usual primary meetings—imagining that all will be well hereafter—we shall most assuredly get beat. The federalists never can, and we believe never did triumph, unless in consequence of our laxity. Let us labor then, in season and out of season, diligently and unwearingly, for the cause of truth and equal rights—remembering that "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

The people of the United States have proved themselves abundantly able for self government, notwithstanding the opposition of those who believe that mankind are not alike capable of enjoying political rights, that distinctions in society should be recognised by law, and that self government or democracy is impracticable and would end in anarchy, and who have done all in their power to paralyze the arm of government and thwart its best measures. From the elder Adams to the present time, we see the opponents of democracy rising different hobbies for the purpose of effecting their desired object, the attainment of the reins of government. Internal improvements and the Tariff System were rode for years, and were only abandoned when they became satisfied that the free men of this country would never submit to an unconstitutional and unjust tax upon their industry. The project for the distribution of the public lands originated with the same party, for political purposes, but thanks to the uncompromising integrity of the democracy this project, which, for instance, would give to Massachusetts a million of acres in Indiana, and jurisdiction over the same, and wrest from the poor man his home and rights, was defeated. The Alien and Sedition laws, enacted under the administration of the elder Adams, were more in character with a despotism than a free government; fortunately for the country he sank under them and the spirit of democracy carried every thing before it. With the declaration of war under Madison's administration, came mobs, riots, and Hartford Conventions, got up by the federalists against the laws of the land and the will of the nation. The election of John Q. Adams, by the House of Representatives, was in opposition to the express will of the people—in both instances the game was for the Presidency, the attainment of power. When General Jackson went into the presidential chair, the federalists were charged with disappointment, and their great leader, Henry Clay, invoked war, pestilence, and famine on the country. When he deemed it his duty to remove the deposits from the custody of the U. S. Bank, the federalists seized upon the act as a Godsend; they held inflammatory meetings, urged the people to acts of violence, declared that the time for a revolution had arrived, and that blood must flow unless the deposits were restored. In New York a committee of ten thousand was appointed to proceed to Washington and demand the restoration. Throughout the United States the same insurrectionary and turbulent disposition was evinced by that party, but the philosophic temperance, keen discrimination and indomitable perseverance of Gen. Jackson, aided by the popular will of the nation, again preserved the country from the jaws of the monster, and restored to the people their just rights and privileges. Before President Van Buren had been inaugurated, before he had published a programme of his administration, this same party proclaimed, as with one accord, eternal opposition, war upon the threshold, war to the knife. Well have they carried it out, aided by one of the most powerful moneyed institutions that the world ever knew, and its eight hundred satellite

corporations, that have tried panic and ruin until capitalists became alarmed, and a great commercial revolution ensued, occasioning wide spread embarrassment and deep distress throughout the country. They then seized upon this, the bastard of their own illegal combinations, to scatter disorganizing and demoralizing principles, and to defeat every measure urged by the Executive for the relief of the country. Those are but a few of their numerous acts, and show that the federalists cannot exist without violence and excitement—that they ever have been ready to accomplish their objects by force when they found the popular will against them. Put them on a contest for principle and they sink into insignificance. The elements of the party are united by the cement of individual and selfish interests, which only thrives when fed upon the sufferings of the country. Destroy this principle of adhesion, and the atoms, which once composed the mass, will separate and recede from each other, ungoverned by any regular law of motion. Hence their extreme anxiety to acquire the ascendancy, that they may cherish and perpetuate those sources of ill-gotten wealth and fearful power, by whose aid they have at times gained a temporary success, and by whose existence they alone exist.

¶ The excitement which prevails in Massachusetts against the fifteen gallon license law, should be a warning to lovers of order in other States to beware of every attempt to dictate by law, what people shall eat, drink, or wear. We believe legislation on these points an unwarrantable assumption of power. When once commenced, if submitted to by the community, it will constantly extend itself till our legislators will find themselves authorized not only to prescribe what men shall eat, and drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed, but to assume a guardianship over their opinions as well as their appetites—regulate their minds and consciences, and take care of their religious sentiments.

From such ultra measures as have been adopted by its friends in Massachusetts the temperance cause is losing ground as fast as its most bitter enemies can wish. When it relies upon public opinion, and makes its appeal to the free untrammelled good sense of the community, it is a tower of strength. But on the other hand, when it appeals to force, and attempts to restrain men's appetites by statutes, fines, and penal enactments, its hold on the most liberal and patriotic portion of the community is destroyed, and its sole reliance must be on that brute force which it has adopted as the means of effecting its purposes.

GREEN PEAS.—We were yesterday presented by a gentleman of this town, with a specimen of Peas grown in his garden the present season. They were as plump and fair as an epicure could desire. It is not uncommon, we believe, to have peas grown as early as the first day of July, in common seasons, fit for the table, but the present season is unusually backward and cold,—a fortnight at least later than usual.

From the Eastern Argus.

Daniel Webster.

The Gazette is telling its readers what Mr. Webster didn't do during the last war—perhaps it will be well enough to refresh its memory as to what he did at that time. On the 1st of July, then, 1813, he voted against a bill for the assessment and collection of direct taxes and internal duties—a bill rendered indispensable by the factious efforts of the opposition to deprive the Government of the means of carrying on the war. On the 7th of January, 1814, he voted against an appropriation for defraying the expenses of the navy—a navy which had already covered itself with glory, but whose victories, he thought, ought not to be encouraged by a "moral and religious people." On the 10th of the same month, he voted against a proposition more effectually to detect and punish spies and traitors. On the 14th he voted against a bill making provisions for filling up the ranks of the army. On the 22d he voted against a bill authorizing the enlistment of troops—a bill so necessary that only seven voted against it. On the 8th of February, he voted against a bill to raise five regiments of riflemen. On the 29th of March he recorded his vote against the bill to call forth the militia to repel invasion. On the 10th of December, he voted against a bill to provide additional revenue for defraying the expenses of the Government, and maintaining the public credit. On the 10th, he voted to postpone indefinitely a bill authorizing the President of the United States to call upon the several States for their respective quotas of Militia to defend the frontiers against invasion; and on the same day, he voted against a bill to provide additional revenue for Government, and maintain the public credit. His vote too, was recorded against an appropriation to rebuild the Capitol and public offices after they had been destroyed by the enemy. These are some of the noble acts which the gentleman from Massachusetts did perform during the last war—exerting it would almost seem, his whole powers to render that war disastrous to his own country and beneficial to Great Britain. The expression which the Poughkeepsie Herald impudently to him, through not made in 1814, is yet in strict keeping with his act at that time, and was made by him at a more recent period. He did say on the floor of the 23d Congress that he would not vote for a bill then before the house, "if the enemy were battering down the walls of the Capital," and however the Gazette and kindred prints may attempt to explain it, the declaration will remain on record to its perpetual disgrace. It has been said by his party adulterators that he will be well received in Great Britain. He ought to be so received. A man who has defended, as far as he has, the British policy, should not fail to be greatly honored by the British people. We advise the Gazette, hereafter, not to invite scrutiny into Mr. Webster's public character. His conduct will not justify it. He has always been a New England Aristocrat. It was he who taught the unhallowed precept, that "Government should be

